

must ask it, and a part of what is demanded is generally given; but if any demand be made inconsistent with the laws or privileges of Biscay, a thing that has sometimes happened, Biscay returns this contradictory answer; "*Se obedese, y no se cumple.*"

The head of the province, is the Corregidor, who is named by the king of Spain; but an appeal from the corregidor to the deputies, seems to render the precedence of the corregidor merely nominal. The deputies are elected thus: the general election for the nomination of deputies, syndics, and regidores, takes place every three years. Each village within the province sends one or two electors, according to its size; the names of the villages are written upon separate pieces of paper, and all are put into a wheel, and the first four that turn up, have the right of election, or of naming the public functionaries of the province.

The privileges, the civil laws, and the maritime laws of Biscay, are contained in three separate volumes; the latter of these form the basis of the maritime laws of Spanish South America.

## CHAPTER II.

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### JOURNEY FROM BISCAY TO MADRID.

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Waggon travelling; Scenery; Bills of Fare, and Expenses; second Visit to Vittoria; Departure for Madrid; the Ebro; Privileges of the Military; Old Castile; Husbandry; Burgos; Beggars; Posadas; Traits of Misery in a Castilian Village; New Castile; Quixotic Adventure; the Somo-sierra and Approach to the Capital; Sketches of the Environs, and Arrival in Madrid; Information for Travellers.

UPON those roads in Spain where there are no diligences, the traveller may generally find an *ordinario*, or *galera*; two kinds of waggons, the former without, the latter commonly, but not always, with springs, in either of which he may be accommodated with a place,—a seat I can scarcely call it,—at a price, moderate in comparison with the enormous expense of hiring a private conveyance. In one of these *ordinarios*, I left Bilbao for Vittoria, by a road different from that by which I had already travelled. Nothing can be more luxurious than travelling by a waggon on springs during hot weather:

neither diligence nor private carriage can be compared with it: it is open before and behind, so that there is a fine current of air; it is covered above, so that the sun is excluded, and the traveller may lie all his length upon clean straw. As for the rate of travelling, it is not indeed very rapid; but fifty miles a day is a sufficient distance for one who is desirous of seeing the country he passes through: waggons with springs, however, are much more rarely to be met with, than those without them; and the jolting, of course, neutralizes in part the other advantages I have named.

Leaving Bilbao, the road winds through a narrow valley among hills covered to the summit with oak, and rising to the height of between 2000 and 3000 feet; the valley, varying in breadth from one to two miles, is every where cultivated; the crops, even at this early period, were already partly reaped; and in many places the country people were busy in the fields. Every where around, there was much picturesque beauty and many rural pictures: a little rivulet flowed in capricious turnings through the valley; and as Biscayan industry always carries a road straight forward, whatever obstacles are encountered, the stream was spanned every few hundred yards by a stone

bridge, built in the form of an aqueduct, and generally grown over with ivy : fine old Spanish chestnut trees were scattered over the meadows that bordered the stream, and here and there groups of cattle stood, or lay under them. This kind of scenery continued the same for about six leagues, when we stopped at a small town to dine, and refresh the mules. At this village we were destined to fare ill. We were ushered into a room where a priest, and two other persons, had finished what seemed by its wrecks to have been an excellent repast : and the table was immediately cleared to make way for our entertainment : silver spoons and forks, handsome wine decanters, of crystal gilt, and clean napkins, seemed to announce something respectable ; but the dinner, when it appeared, consisted of a little cold fish, and the bones—literally the bones, of the chickens which the priest and his friends had picked ! I made my way into the kitchen, and discovering a fine fat hen roasting, and almost ready for the table, I began to repent my too hasty condemnation of the entertainment ; but upon telling the master that the fowl was sufficiently roasted, I was informed that it was not for me, but for the muleteer, who in Spain always fares better than those whom he conducts. I was forced, therefore, to

return to the cold fish and chicken bones, for which the landlord had the effrontery to charge twelve *reals*. I paid him, however, only one half of his demand, and got into the waggon, followed only by a few Biscayan growls.

After leaving this town, we began to ascend the mountains which separate Biscay Proper from the province of Alava. In passing these mountains, a curious illusion is produced by the extreme whiteness of the stone which composes the peaks of some of the Biscayan range. It is scarcely possible to persuade oneself that these are not snow peaks; nothing indeed but a previous knowledge of the elevation of this range, and of the consequent impossibility of snow lying upon it, could dismiss the illusion. A little before dusk we alighted at the parador at Vittoria, where, as the Infante was no longer an inmate, I found comfortable accommodation. At this hotel, and at all the posadas between Bayonne and Madrid, in connexion with the establishment of the royal diligences, there is a tariff of prices, which I shall here transcribe, for the information of those who may wish to know something of the expenses of travelling in this part of Spain.

*Desayuno*, which means a slight morning's repast, and which may consist either of a cup

of chocolate, tea, or coffee, with bread; or of two eggs, with bread and wine, is charged two reals, or five pence.

*Almuerzo* (Dejeuné a la fourchette), eight *reals*.

*Comida* (Dinner), twelve *reals*, or 2s. 6d. This being the most important meal, the tariff specifies the articles of which it must consist, though, for some of these, equivalents are allowed. The following is the bill of fare:—Soup; an *olla*, or *puchero*, which is composed of fowl, bacon, beef, sausage, Spanish peas, and pot-herbs; a fritter, or ham and eggs; two dishes of dressed meat; a pudding; pepper in the pod, dressed with a sauce; small white beans (*haricots*); a roast; a salad; a dessert of three dishes; a glass of brandy; and bread and wine at discretion. Melon is not included in the dessert of three dishes; this fruit is not eaten in the north of Spain at the dessert, but is introduced after soup. The dinner, it must be admitted, is sufficiently abundant; but, considering the low price of provisions, it is not cheap. The only one of these dishes which a stranger can eat, is the most truly Spanish among them,—the *puchero*,—because it is the only one in which there is neither oil nor garlic. The tariff also provides for the traveller's comfort in bed; this is charged at four *reals* (10d.), and the follow-

ing articles are ordered to be provided : a straw mattress ; another of wool ; two *clean* sheets ; two pillows, and clean pillow-cases ; a quilt ; and, in winter, a blanket. All that the tariff enjoins, is rigidly complied with ; and, wherever there is a tariff, the traveller may always depend upon a sufficient meal, a clean bed, and a just charge.

Vittoria may at present be considered a decayed town. Ever since the war of independence, it has been a falling place ; and this may be easily accounted for, from the insecurity of possessions in a town lying so near the French frontier. At the time when Napoleon threatened to annex to France all that part of Spain which lies to the north of the Ebro, many left Vittoria ; and several persons exchanged their estates in that neighbourhood, for possessions farther in the interior. At present, there are numerous houses untenanted, and not a few in a state of ruin ; and the manufactures of which Vittoria formerly could boast, now scarcely exist,—no one being disposed to sink capital in establishing that which the first commotion upon the frontier might be the means of destroying.

I experienced some difficulties at Vittoria

with my passport. I had intended to have entered Spain by Perpignan, but having changed my intention, I was in possession of only a French provisional passport, backed by the Spanish Consul at Bayonne. I was at first told, that I could not be allowed to proceed; but, upon producing a letter of recommendation, from Lord Aberdeen to Mr. Addington, the British Minister at Madrid, the difficulties were overcome, and I was permitted to proceed.

I was detained two days in Vittoria, waiting a vacant place in the Madrid diligence, which I stepped into at three o'clock on the morning of the third day; and, after a few hours' drive through a well-cultivated corn country, we reached *Miranda*, and, crossing the *Ebro*, entered old Castile. The *Ebro* is here a very insignificant stream, little resembling the majestic river which I afterwards crossed in Catalonia; but the interest with which a river is regarded, is of a borrowed kind; even where the traveller is able to step over it, it is invested with a dignity commensurate with its future destinies. But the *Ebro*, even if it were possible to deprive it of that charm which is common to every great river when beheld near its source, has claims peculiarly its own; it is full of historic recollections—it gave its name

to the whole of ancient Spain—and memory, set sail upon its waters, floats towards the empires of Carthage and of Rome. And the Ebro possesses still another source of interest to all who visit Spain; for it is upon its banks that we are first reminded of the exploits of the valorous Knight of La Mancha, and of the undying genius of Cervantes,—one of whose happiest inventions is the fancy of his hero, that his boat, floating down the Ebro, has crossed the equinoctial; and the proof of this, which he demands of Sancho.

I had been told that on entering old Castile we should be subjected to a rigorous custom-house search; but in Spain, such matters always depend upon circumstances. A Colonel in the Spanish service chanced to occupy a seat in the diligence; and no custom-house officer in Spain, dare to put a person holding a military commission to a moment's inconvenience. The consequence was, that in place of being detained three hours upon the bridge, until every package should be lowered and opened, the Colonel merely thrust his arm out of the window; and the custom-house officers, seeing around his wrist the proofs of his military rank, doffed their caps, and stood back; and the diligence

passed on. Superior military rank in the Spanish service is not indicated by more gorgeous trappings: the Colonel discards the epaulets, and is known by two narrow stripes round the wrist, while the General merely invests his loins with a crimson girdle.

Upon first entering Castile, the country affords some promise of interest. We traverse a narrow defile, guarded by precipitous and majestic rocks, and are pleased by the picturesque views which are caught at intervals on both sides; but this defile does not extend more than a league in length, and we then enter upon an open and flat corn country, which stretches all the way to Burgos. The soil in this tract of land appeared to be very unequal. I saw whole fields covered with thistles, among which flocks of sheep were picking a scanty meal; and, although I was unable to judge of the productiveness of other parts by the growing crops, the harvest being in many places already gathered, I observed vast heaps of grain every half league or less; part of it thrashed and winnowed, and part going through these operations. All through both the Castiles, the grain is not housed; large flat spots, one or two hundred yards across, are selected for its reception—here it is

thrashed and winnowed ; the former operation being performed by passing over it a sledge with a curved bottom, drawn by one mule, which is guided by a woman who stands upon the sledge, and who facilitates the operation by her weight. This custom of keeping the grain in the open air, adds much to the labour of the husbandman : if rain come, there is no remedy but to cover the grain-heaps with cloths,—a very ineffectual protection against the torrents that sometimes descend from Spanish skies ; and when the rain ceases, it is necessary again to spread the grain, and expose it to the influence of the sun.

We reached Burgos early in the afternoon, and the short interval allowed us there, sufficed for a glance at the cathedral. In its exterior, the cathedral of Burgos will yield to no other in Spain : in the number, and elegance of the pinnacles which surmount it, it surpasses them all ; but the interior, although remarkable for the beauty of the workmanship with which in some parts it is decorated, and although entitled to rank among the most magnificent temples dedicated to religion, is yet inferior to the cathedrals both of Toledo and of Seville, in grandeur, as well as in richness ; and as I purposed seeing both of these cathedrals, I

regreted less, the impossibility of examining minutely, the cathedral of Burgos. The little that I saw of Burgos pleased me ; and had I not subsequently visited Toledo, I should have set down Burgos as the best specimen I had seen of an old Castilian city : but in this, Toledo stands unrivalled.

Between Burgos and Lerma, I passed through vast tracts of uncultivated, and much of it, uncultivable land, mostly covered with a thick underwood of aromatic and medicinal plants ; in some parts, the perfume from these was so strong, that I could scarcely believe myself to be elsewhere than in an apothecary's shop. I found all this part of Old Castile very scantily peopled ; and the quantity of cultivated land seemed to be quite equal to the probable demand upon its produce. At night-fall we reached *Lerma*, where a comfortable posada received us. We were beset at the door by a crowd of ragged beggars, who however, urged their claims scarcely more obtrusively than the poor Franciscan monk of Sterne, who crossed his hands upon his breast, and retired. The Spanish beggar is unlike the beggar of every other country, in this—that he is easily repulsed ; he seldom urges his claim twice ; but indeed, his raggedness, and apparent destitution, often

render a second appeal unnecessary. I observed that every one of these beggars wore three or four necklaces, and several rings—baubles, no doubt blessed at the shrine of some saint. In the posada at Lerma, I found iron bedsteads, a most acceptable discovery in a hot climate; and the supper table was both neatly laid out, and well provided. The miseries of an Andalusian Venta were yet in reserve. Between Vittoria and Madrid, the traveller has little cause of complaint; I always found a clean bed, and something upon the table, of which it was possible to make a tolerable meal. There is only one part of the arrangement defective: in place of supping when the diligence arrives, there is generally an interval of two hours, which might be spent in sleep, if the arrangements were better. In all the posadas upon this road, the traveller pays for dinner and supper whether he partakes of them or not: this is what the Spaniards call *indemnificacion*, which is charged at two-thirds of the price of the meal. This indemnification I think perfectly fair; were it otherwise, the traveller could find nothing upon his arrival; for upon a road where there are no travellers, the innkeeper dare not trust to the appetites, or will, of those who arrive by the diligence; because if his meal

should be rejected, he could find no other market for it.

The country to the south of Lerma is a desert; indeed it is nothing better than a desert that stretches between the *Ebro* and the *Duoro*. I passed this latter river at *Aranda*; a small, wretched place, full of misery and rags; and afterwards traversed extensive woods of chestnut and ilex, which stretch three or four leagues to the foot of a low *sierra*, which is the natural boundary between Old and New Castile. Soon after entering this *sierra*, I passed through the most miserable village that I have seen in any part of Spain: it is quite impossible for one who has never seen the very lowest of the Spanish poor, to form the smallest conception of the general appearance of the inhabitants of this village. I saw between two and three hundred persons; and among these, there was not one, whose rags half covered his nakedness. Men and women were like bundles of ill-assorted shreds and patches of a hundred hues and sizes; and as for the children, I saw several entirely naked, and many that might as well have been without their tattered coverings. I threw a few biscuits among the children; and the eagerness with which they fought for, and devoured them, reminded me rather of young wolves than

of human beings. The badness of the pavement, and the steepness of the street, made it necessary for the diligence to go slowly; and I profited by the delay to look into one or two of the miserable abodes of these unfortunate beings. I found a perfect unison between the dweller and his dwelling: I could not see one article of furniture; no table, no chair: a few large stones supplied the place of the latter; for the former there was no occasion; and something resembling a mattress upon the mud floor, was the bed of the family. Leaving this village, I noticed two stone pillars, and a wooden pole across, indicating that the proprietor possesses the power of life and death within his own domain. I forget the name of the grandee at whose door lies all this misery; but if the power of life and death be his, and if he cannot make the former more tolerable, it would be humanity to inflict the latter.

A short distance beyond this village, we passed into New Castile, and stopped for the night at a small hamlet at the entrance of the *Somo Sierra*. Here, I cannot refrain from relating a somewhat ludicrous incident that took place during the night. The chamber in which I slept, was divided from another smaller cham-

ber merely by a curtain; and this inner room was occupied by a young Spaniard. We retired to our respective beds about the same hour, and I was speedily fast asleep. Some time during the night, I was awoke by loud, and most uncommon noises; and when I was sufficiently awake to be master of my senses, I discovered that the noises proceeded from the adjacent chamber; but the nature of the noise was such, as set at defiance all conjecture as to its cause. I heard the stamping of feet, the clanking of spurs, and the strokes of some heavy instrument; but the combatants, whoever they were, fought in silence, for not a word was uttered. I need scarcely say that sounds so unaccountable in my immediate vicinity, excited my utmost curiosity; and stealing out of bed, I groped my way to the door leading into the passage, that I might obtain a light; this, I soon procured, and returning to the scene of action, I found the noises as loud and as strange as ever. I cautiously drew aside the curtain, and a spectacle was revealed almost worthy of Don Quixote. There stood the Spaniard in his shirt, booted and spurred, his cloak thrown over one arm, and the other, dealing blows right and left with a naked sword. I was about to make a hasty

retreat, conceiving the unfortunate gentleman to be in a state of derangement, when he called out to me to give him a light, and at the same time ceased battle. The explanation is this—not being able to get off his boots, my companion had lain down booted and spurred; and as was his usual custom, he had deposited a sword near his bed; he was awoke by the tread of several rats over his face; at least so he asserted; and in a state between sleeping and waking, he had jumped from bed, grasped his sword, seized his cloak as a buckler, and commenced warfare. But for my own part, I believe the action of the Spaniard to have begun in sleep, and to have been the result of a dream. We were afterwards intimately acquainted, and saw each other almost every day while I remained in Madrid; and we often laughed together at the recollection of the Quixotic adventure in the posada.

We left the village where we had slept, some hours before day-break. I never beheld a more refulgent moon than shone that night. I was never before able to distinguish colours by moonlight; but this night, the scene presented almost the distinctness and variety of a sunlit landscape, with the soft and dewy mellow-

ness of a tenderer light. The scenery of the Somo-Sierra is rocky, wild and dreary; robbers are occasionally seen here; and the diligence had taken two additional guards from the last village. Before day-break we had passed the Sierra, and we then entered upon the wide arid desert, in the centre of which stands the capital of Spain. As we approached Madrid, we passed long trains of mules, laden with cut straw for the use of the mules in the metropolis; and we also passed some trains laden with bales of goods; every mule having a carbine slung by its side.

From the Somo-Sierra to the gates of Madrid, a distance of nearly thirty miles, there is not a tree to be seen: not a garden; not one country house; scarcely an isolated farm-house or cottage, and only three or four very inconsiderable villages. Great part of the land is uncultivated, and that part of it which is laboured, and which produces grain, is mostly covered with weeds and stones. In the midst of this desert stands Madrid, which is not visible until you approach within less than two leagues of the gate. Its appearance from this side is not striking: the city seems small; and although we may count upwards of 50 spires and towers, none of these

are so elevated or imposing, as to awaken curiosity like that which is felt when we first discover the towers of some of the temples dedicated to religion, in others of the Spanish cities. If the traveller turned his back upon Madrid when within half a mile of the gates, he might still believe himself to be a hundred miles from any habitation: the road stretches away, speckled only by a few mules; there are no carriages; no horsemen; scarcely even a pedestrian: there is, in fact, not one sign of vicinity to a great city.

I entered Madrid about mid-day, and after a very slight examination of luggage at the custom-house, I took up my residence at the *Cruz de Malta*. There are only two hotels in Madrid that are habitable—the *Cruz de Malta*, and the *Fontaña de Oro*,—but both of these are as far as possible from being comfortable. I was charged at the *Cruz de Malta*, the extraordinary sum of 60 reals, 12s. 6d., for one room, for one day; a charge that immediately suggested to me the propriety of establishing myself in private lodgings as speedily as possible.

Before concluding this chapter, let me say a single word respecting the mode and conveniences, and expenses of travelling from

Bayonne to Madrid. There are only a few roads in Spain that are passable for carriages, and these of course connect the great towns. These roads are, from Madrid to Bayonne,—from Madrid to Seville,—from Madrid to Zaragoza and Barcelona,—from Madrid to Valencia,—from Madrid to Salamanca,—and from Madrid to Portugal. There are also a few others from one provincial town to another; such as from Valencia to Barcelona,—from Barcelona to the frontier,—from Burgos to Valladolid, and perhaps two or three others. There are not more than twelve roads in Spain passable for a four-wheeled carriage; and upon all of these, there are now diligences established; of which, the accommodation and conveniences are nearly equal. I confine my remarks at present to *diligence* travelling; I shall by and by, have many opportunities of enlarging upon the very different modes of travelling in Andalusia, Murcia, and Granada. I have no hesitation in affirming, that the Spanish diligences are the best in the world; they are extremely commodious, well cushioned, and well hung, and are admirably contrived for the exclusion of both heat and cold. Like the French diligences, they have a *coupé*, in all respects as good as a post-

chaise, and generally they have no *rotonde*: they are drawn by seven, eight, or nine mules, according to the nature of the road, and travel at the rate of seven miles an hour. The conductors are remarkably civil; and in punctuality as to the hours of departure and arrival, and in every arrangement that can conduce to the comfort of the passengers, there is no room for improvement. When a passenger secures his seat, he receives a paper from the *bureau*, specifying the precise place he is to occupy; and when he delivers his baggage, he is presented with a receipt for the articles delivered, and for which the proprietors are responsible. The price of places in the Spanish diligences varies greatly. In some roads the fare is as low as in France or England; on others, it is more expensive than travelling post. From Bayonne to Madrid, the fare, including conductor and postilions, is something less than 5*l.*; but from Madrid to Seville, about one-fourth greater distance, the expense is nearly double; and it may be right to mention that each passenger is allowed 25 lb. weight of baggage; for every pound beyond this, he pays one real, 2½*d.* These details may appear to some to be insignificant; but independently of the obligation that lies upon a traveller, to

withhold no useful information, I cannot but think that such details may occasionally throw some light upon the state of a country. For my own part, I may say most truly, that the regularity and order, I might almost say, the perfection, visible in every department of the establishment of public conveyances throughout Spain, struck me with astonishment, and may perhaps afford some data by which we may judge of the improvement of which Spain might be susceptible under more favourable circumstances.



JUNTA DE ANDALUCÍA

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## CHAPTER III.

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### MADRID.

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Streets and Street Population; Female Dress: the Mantilla, the Fan; aspect of the Streets of Madrid at different hours; the Siesta; Shops; good and bad Smells; State of the lower Orders; Analysis of the Population; Street Sketches; Sunday in Madrid; the Calle de Alcalá; Convents; the Street of the Inquisition; private Apartments in Madrid; the Prado and its Attractions; ludicrous Incongruities; Spanish Women, and their Claims; the Fan and its uses; Portraits; inconvenient Exaction of Loyalty; the Philosophy of good walking; the Retiro; Castilian Skies; the Cafe Catalina and its Visitors; other Coffee Rooms, and Political Reflections; the Botanical Garden, strange Regulation on entering; the Theatres; Spanish Play Bills; Teatro del Principe; the Cazuela and Intrigue; Spanish Comedy; the Bolero; the Italian Company; cultivation of Music in Madrid; the Guitar; Vocal Music; Spanish Music.

THE traveller who arrives in Madrid from the north, has greatly the advantage over him who reaches the capital from any other point: every thing is newer to him. If one enter Spain at Cadiz, and travel through Seville and Cordova

to Madrid, the edge of curiosity is blunted; much of the novelty of Spanish life is already exhausted; and Madrid possesses comparatively little to interest: but travelling to the capital, through Castile, one arrives in Madrid almost as unlearned in the modes of Spanish life, as if the journey had been performed by sea; nor is the interest with which the traveller afterwards sees Cordova and Seville greatly diminished, by having previously seen Madrid. For, although the aspect of a Spanish town, and the modes of Spanish life are then familiar to him,—Cordova, and Seville, and the other cities of the south, possess an exclusive interest, in the remains of the Moorish empire,—in the peculiarity of the natural productions around them—in the climate, which exercises an important influence upon the habits of the people,—and in the taint of Moorish usages, visible in all those provinces which continued the longest time under the dominion of the Moors. With curiosity therefore on the tiptoe, to see the capital of Spain, and the Spaniards in their capital, I hastened into the streets.

The stranger who walks for the first time through the streets of Madrid, is struck with

the sombreness of the prospect that is presented to him: this, he speedily discovers, arises from the costume of the women. It is the varied and many-coloured attire of the female sex, that gives to the streets of other great cities their air of gaiety and liveliness. No pink, and green, and yellow, and blue silk bonnets, nod along the streets of Madrid; for the women wear no bonnets,—no ribbons of more than all the hues of the rainbow, chequer the pavement; for the women of Madrid do not understand the use of ribbons. Only conceive the sombreness of a population without a bonnet or a ribbon, and all, or nearly all, in black! yet such is the population of Madrid. Every woman in Spain wears a *mantilla*, which varies in quality and expense, with the station of the wearer: and, for the benefit of those who, though they may have heard of a mantilla, have an imperfect idea of what it is, I shall describe it. A mantilla, is a scarf thrown over the head and shoulders; behind, and at the sides, it descends nearly to the waist; and falling in front over a very high comb, is gathered, and fastened, generally by something ornamental,

just above the forehead, at the lower part of the hair. Of old, there was a veil attached to the fore-part of the mantilla, which was used or thrown back, according to the fancy of the wearer; but veils are now rarely seen in Spain, excepting at mass. Of the rank and means of a Spanish woman, something may be gathered from the mantilla, though this cannot be considered any certain criterion, since Spanish women will make extraordinary sacrifices for the sake of dress. Yet there are three distinct grades of the mantilla: the lady in the upper ranks of life, and most of those in the middle ranks, wear the lace mantilla; some of blond—some of English net, worked in Spain; and these vary in price, from 4*l.* or 5*l.* to 20*l.* The Bourgeoises generally wear the mantilla, part lace and part silk; the lace in front, and the silk behind, with lace trimmings; and the lower orders wear a mantilla wholly of silk, or of silk, trimmed with velvet. Spain is the only country in Europe in which a national dress extends to the upper ranks; but even in Spain this distinction begins to give way. In the streets, no one yet ventures to appear without the mantilla; but French hats are frequently

seen in carriages and in the theatre; and the black silk gown, once as indispensable as the mantilla, sometimes gives place to silks of other colours; and even a French or English printed muslin, may occasionally be seen on the Prado.

But although the sombre dress of the women, and the consequent absence of bright colours, seemed at first to give a gloomy cast to the exterior of the population of Madrid, a little closer observance of it disclosed a variety and picturesqueness not to be found in any other of the European countries. The dress of the women, although sombre, bears in the eye of a stranger a character of both novelty and grace. The round turned-up hat and crimson sash of the peasant; the short green jacket and bare legs and sandals of the innumerable water-carriers, who call *agua-fresca*; the sprinkling of the military costume; and above all, the grotesque dresses of the multitudes of friars of different orders, gave to the scene a character of originality exclusively its own. No feature in the scene before me appeared more novel than the universality of the fan; a Spanish woman would be quite as likely to go out of doors without her shoes, as without her fan. I saw not one female

agua  
fresca

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in the streets without this indispensable appendage. The portly dame, and her stately daughter; the latter six paces in advance, as is the universal custom throughout Spain, walked fanning themselves; the child of six years old, held mamma with one hand, and fanned herself with the other; the woman sitting at her stall selling figs, sat fanning herself; and the servant coming from market, carried her basket with one arm, and fanned herself with the other. To me, who had never before seen a fan but in the hands of a lady, this seemed ridiculous enough.

The streets of Madrid present a totally different aspect, at different hours of the day: before one o'clock, all is nearly as I have described it; bustling and busy, and thronged with people of all ranks, of whom the largest proportion are always females; for the women of Madrid spend much of their time in the streets, going and coming from mass, shopping (a never failing resource,) and going and coming from the Prado. But from one o'clock till four, the aspect of every thing is changed: the shops are either shut, or a curtain is drawn before the door; the shutters of every window are closed; scarcely a respectable person is seen in the

street; the stall-keepers spread cloths over their wares, and go to sleep; groups of the poor and idle are seen stretched in the shade; and the water-carriers, throwing their jackets over their faces, make pillows of their water casks. But the *siesta* over, all is again life and bustle; the curtains are withdrawn, the balconies are filled with ladies, the sleepers shake off their drowsiness, and the water-carriers resume their vocation, and deafen us with the cry of ~~agua~~ fresca. These water-carriers are a curious race, and are as necessary to the Spanish peasant as the vender of beer is to the English labourer: with a basket and glass in the right-hand, and a water jar on the left shoulder, they make incessant appeals to the appetite for cold water, and during the summer, drive a lucrative trade; and so habituated is the Spaniard to the use of cold water, that I have observed little diminution in the demand for it, when the morning temperature of the air was such as would have made even an Englishman shrink from so comfortless a beverage.

Frequently, while in Madrid, I walked out early in the morning, that I might hear the delightful music that accompanies the morning

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service in the *Convento de las Salesas*; and then the streets wore a different appearance,—flocks of goats were bevouacked here and there to supply milk to those who cannot afford to buy cows' milk. Porters, water-carriers, stall-keepers, and market people, were making a breakfast of grapes and bread; and here and there a friar might be seen, with his sack slung over his back, begging supplies for his convent. One morning, I had the curiosity to follow a young friar of the Franciscan order the whole length of the *Calle de Montera*; he asked upwards of forty persons for alms, and entered every shop, and only two persons listened to his petition,—one of these was an old lame beggar, sitting at a door, who put half a quarto into his hand; the other was an old gentleman with a cocked hat, and certain other insignia of holding some government employment.

In my first perambulation of the streets of Madrid, I remarked, with astonishment, the extraordinary number of shops appropriated to the sale of combs. Throughout Spain, but especially in Madrid, the comb is an indispensable and important part of every woman's dress, and a never failing accompaniment of

the mantilla. A fashionable Spanish comb is not less than a foot long, and eight or nine inches broad; and no woman considers from nine to fifteen dollars (from 2*l.* to 3*l.*) too much to give for this appendage; accordingly, every tenth shop, at least, is a comb shop. Another very numerous class of shops appeared to belong to booksellers; and a third—shops filled with remnants and shreds of cloth of all kinds and colours, which partly accounts for the patched appearance of the garments of the lowest orders, who doubtless find in these repositories the means of repairing their worn-out clothes. I had one day the curiosity to walk leisurely through two of the principal commercial streets, and to take a note of the different shops they contained. In the *Calle de Carretas*, I found sixteen booksellers, ten venders of combs, three jewellers, two hardware shops, two gold and silver embroiderers, two chocolate shops, two fan shops, six drapers and silk mercers, one woollen draper, one hatter, one perfumer, one fruiterer, one print shop, one wine shop, and one stocking shop. In the *Calle de Montera*, I found eight drapers and silk-mercers, eight jewellers, five hardware shops, four watch-



makers, three china and crystal shops, three grocers, five embroiderers, three booksellers, three perfumers, three pawnbrokers, three chocolate shops, two fan shops, four comb shops, four provision shops, two money changers, two venders of ornaments for churches, two glove shops, two shoemakers, two gunsmiths, three venders of cocks and hens, and two of singing birds.

Walking through the streets of Madrid, you are one moment arrested by a pleasant smell, and the next stunned by a bad one; among the former, is the fragrant perfume from the cinnamon to be mixed with the chocolate: at the door of every chocolate shop, a person is to be seen beating cinnamon in a large mortar. Another pleasant smell arises from the heaps of melons that lie on the streets. This custom, by-the-by, of heaping fruit on the street, requires that one unaccustomed to the streets of Madrid should look well to his feet,—melons, oranges, apples, and many other kinds of fruit, lie every where in the way of the passenger, who is in constant danger of being toppled over. Among the bad smells that assail one, the most common, and to me the most offensive, is the smell of oil in preparation for cooking. The

Spanish oil is unpleasant both to the taste and smell; but I have heard well-informed persons say that the fault does not lie in the oil, but in the manner of expressing it; this may probably be true,—the oil of Catalonia is as unpleasant as that of Andalusia, and yet the olives of Catalonia grow in a latitude little different from the most southerly parts of France, from which the most excellent oil is produced. As I have mentioned offensive smells, let me not omit one offensive sight,—I allude to the constant practice of combing and cleaning the hair in the street: in most of the less frequented streets, persons are seen at every second or third door intent upon this employment; and sometimes the occupation includes a scrutiny, at the nature of which the reader must be contented to guess; and even in the most frequented streets, if two women be seated at fruit-stalls near each other, one is generally engaged in combing, assorting, and occasionally scrutinizing the hair of the other. Sightings like these neutralize, in some degree, the enjoyment which a stranger might otherwise find in the delicious flavour of Muscatel grapes.

I was prepared to find much more wretched-

ness and poverty among the lower orders in Madrid, than is apparent—I might perhaps say, than exists there. There is much misery in Madrid, but it lies among a different class, of whom I shall have occasion to speak afterwards: at present, I speak merely of the lowest class of the inhabitants, among whom, in every great city, there is always a certain proportion of miserably poor. I purposely walked several times into the lowest quarters of the city, but I never encountered any such pictures of poverty and wretchedness as are to be found abundantly in Paris, London, Dublin, Manchester, and other great towns of France and England. When the king arrived in Madrid from *La Granja*, there were at least 10,000 persons present at his *entrée*; and upon the occasion of the queen's accouchement, there were three times that number in the court of the palace; and yet I did not see a single person in rags—scarcely even a beggar. It is possible, however, that a cloak may conceal much wretchedness; and of this I had one day an example. Sauntering one morning in the retired part of the Prado, in front of the botanical garden, I sat down upon the low wall that supports the iron railing: a

man, with a decent cloak wrapped around him, sat a few paces distant, seemingly in a reverie; he happened to have taken his seat upon some prohibited place, and one of the guards, unperceived by him, walked forward, and tapped him on the shoulder with his musket: whether the sudden start which this intrusion occasioned had unfastened the cloak, or whether he had accidentally let go his hold of it, is of no consequence; but the cloak dropped half off his body, and I discovered that it was his *only* garment, excepting his neckcloth: the man was no beggar; he hastily replaced the cloak, and walked away. He was probably one of that class who, in Madrid, sacrifice all to the exterior; or, possibly, one of those very few Castilians, who yet inherit old Castilian pride, and who would die rather than ask an alms.

But it is not difficult to assign plausible reasons for the fact, that the utterly destitute form but a very trifling proportion of the inhabitants of Madrid. Madrid lives by the court; it is said that the *employeés*, including all grades, and the military, form one fourth part of the whole inhabitants. The professional persons, especially those connected with the law,

form a large body; the friars and priests, a still larger. In Madrid, too, are assembled the greater number of the nobles and rich proprietors; so that more than one half of the inhabitants live upon their salaries and rents. We have then to consider the great number of tradespeople, artificers, and shopkeepers required to supply the wants of the former classes; add to these, the common labourers, servants, market people, itinerant venders, porters, water carriers, fruiterers, and the seminaries, hospitals, and prisons; and if, as is said to be the case, the employés, the military, the professional men, and all their families, together with priests and friars, amount to 80,000 persons, we may easily account for the other 80,000, without the necessity of filling up a blank with the utterly destitute. Indeed, the lowest orders in Madrid, are the water-carriers and fruiterers; and these are not a fixed population; many belong to the neighbouring villages, and to the fruit countries bordering on the Tagus; and in the winter months, these leave the capital. There is always a resource for the most destitute in Madrid, in the trade of a water-carrier: he weaves a little basket of rushes; pays a couple

of reals for a couple of glasses, and he is at once equipped as a vender of aqua fresca. Madrid has no manufacture, so that labour is not attracted to the capital, to be afterwards subject to the vicissitudes of trade; nor is there any spirit of enterprise, whose caprices demand a constant supply of superabundant labour. These may, or may not, be deemed sufficient reasons for the fact I have wished to account for,—the reader may probably be able to add others. The fact, however, is certain, that in no city of Europe ranking with Madrid, is there so little apparent wretchedness.

There is less appearance of business in the streets of Madrid, than in any city I have ever seen: the population seem to have turned out to enjoy themselves. Two things contribute mainly to give that air of ease and pleasure to the pursuits of the inhabitants of Madrid; the great proportion of women of whom the street-population is composed,—and the extreme slowness of movement. The women of Madrid have nothing to detain them at home; the ladies have no home occupations as in London; nor have the majority of the bourgeois any shop duties to perform as in Paris,—the street is;

therefore, their only resource from *ennui*. And there is something in extreme slowness of motion, that is entirely opposed to business and duties,—a quick step, and a necessary one, are closely allied; but the street population of Madrid, with few exceptions, merely saunter; and wherever you reach an open space, especially the *Puerta del Sol*,—a small square in the centre of the city,—hundreds of gentlemen are seen standing, with no other occupation than shaking the dust from their segars. The great numbers of military too, strolling arm in arm, and, above all, the innumerable priests and monks, with whom we at once connect idleness and ease, give to the street population of Madrid an appearance of pleasure seeking, which is peculiar to itself, and is perhaps little removed from truth.

On Sunday, Madrid presents the same aspect as on other days, with this difference, that the shops and the streets are more crowded; and that the lower classes, and the bourgeois, are better attired. On Sunday evening, the houses are deserted; the whole population of Madrid pours down the *Calle de Alcalá*, to the Prado. Every Sunday afternoon, from four o'clock until six or seven, this street, nearly a mile in length,

and, at least, twice as broad as Portland Place, is crowded from end to end, and from wall to wall, so that a carriage finds some difficulty in making its way. Among this crowd, I have often looked in vain, to find an ill-dressed person; but this exterior is no real index to the condition of those who throng the Prado. I have reason to know, that hundreds, who by their dress might pass for courtiers, have dined upon bread and a bunch of grapes, and go from the *Paseo* to hide themselves in a garret; and females have been pointed out to me, whose mantilla, comb, and fan could not have cost less than 10%, who were starving upon a pension of 2,500 reals (25%).

As I have mentioned the Calle de Alcala, let me speak of this street as it deserves to be spoken of. I know of no finer entry to any city; I might perhaps say, no one so fine, as that to Madrid by the Calle de Alcala. Standing at the foot of this street, you have on the right and left the long, wide Prado, with its quadruple row of trees stretching in fine perspective to the gates that terminate it; behind is the magnificent gate of Alcala, a fine model of architectural beauty; and before lies the Calle de Alcala, reaching into

the heart of the city,—long, of superb width, and flanked by a splendid range of unequal buildings,—among others the hotels of many of the ambassadors; the two fine convents of *Las Calatravas*, and *Las Ballecas*, and the Custom-house. But the *Calle de Alcalá* is the only really fine street in Madrid; many of the other streets are good, and very many respectable, of tolerable width, and the houses lofty and well built; but there is no magnificent street, excepting the *Calle de Alcalá*. Like all the other cities in Spain, the streets, abstracted from the population, have a sombre aspect, owing to the number of convents, whose long reach of wall, grated windows, and lack of doors, throw a chill over the mind of the passer by. There are no fewer than sixty-two convents for men and women in Madrid; and it frequently happens that one side of a whole street is occupied by a convent: in the *Calle de Atocha* there are no fewer than eight convents; and some of the streets on the outskirts, contain scarcely any houses, but those dedicated to religion.

Walking one day in company with a priest, —a very intelligent and learned man, of whose society I was always glad,—I chanced to observe the inscription upon the corner of one of the

streets, and read *Calle de la Inquisicion*; my curiosity was immediately awakened; I had intended before leaving Madrid, to have sought out the spot memorable from the atrocities with which it is connected; and this accidental *rencontre* saved me the trouble of a search. I immediately expressed my anxiety to see the building, and to enter it if possible; and requested my companion to have the goodness to be my *Cicerone*; but I found that the terrors of the Inquisition had outlived its power; my companion assured me there was nothing to see; the building he believed was shut up, and no one could enter; indeed he doubted if he perfectly knew where the building was situated. I saw the difficulty of the priest; there might be danger in guiding a heretic to the precincts of the holy office; and so, requesting him to wait for me, I went in search of the building. I had no difficulty in finding it, but there was little to reward my search; it was the building in which prisoners were confined, but not that in which they were judged and tortured. This was in an immediately adjoining street, formerly called the street of the Grand Inquisitor, whose house, including all the offices of the court, fills

almost one side of the street. It seems at first sight surprising, that the Inquisition, like the Bastile, was not torn down during the time of the Constitution; but the prime movers, and even the instruments in that revolution, were of the upper ranks; and it is a certain fact, that many among the *Pueblo Bajo* look even now without any horror, some with veneration, upon the building once dedicated to the maintenance of the Roman Catholic faith. The building used as the prison of the Inquisition, was constructed above immense vaults, originally formed by the Moors; and afterwards converted into dungeons. I requested permission to visit them, but I was told that the air in the dungeons was such as to render a visit to them unsafe.

From the prisons I went to the other branch of the Inquisition in the adjoining street. A part of the house of the Grand Inquisitor is in a dilapidated state, but other parts are inhabited by private individuals. The porter, notwithstanding a liberal bribe, made much difficulty in allowing me to enter, but I at last prevailed with him, and he conducted me to the room formerly used as the hall of justice, or rather of judgment; and although I saw nothing but a

long gloomy room without one article of furniture, it required but little exercise of imagination to see, in fancy, the Inquisitors and their satellites, the trembling accused, and the instruments of torture. It appears incredible, that any others than those to whom its existence would bring power or wealth, should desire the re-establishment of the Inquisition; and yet, I feel myself justified in believing, that many would look upon its restoration with complacency; and that the great majority of the lower orders would behold this with perfect indifference. If so, they deserve to be cursed with it.

The dirtiness and want of comfort in the *Crus de Malta*, would have driven me into private lodgings, even if the charges in the hotel had been supportable; I hastened therefore to deliver my letters, that I might be aided in my search by those to whom I carried recommendations; and by the kind assistance of Sr. Mozo, one of the *Conséjeros del Rey*, I was soon established in comfortable apartments in the *Calle de la Madalena*. It may be interesting to some, to know the nature and price of private accommodation in Madrid. My apartments were on

the second floor, (in Madrid every floor is a separate house, excepting among the very highest ranks) and consisted of one very large room, 40 feet long, by 22 broad, with two very large windows facing the street; a small bedroom; separated from this large room by a glass door; and another small room, beyond the bedroom, to be employed as an eating room. These rooms were brick-floored, as every room is, in the northern and central parts of Spain; and the walls white-washed. The apartments were furnished with basket-chairs and sofas, a bed, and two or three tables; and for this accommodation, including service and cooking, I paid 20 reals per day, or *1l. 9s. 2d.* per week. This was certainly not remarkably cheap; but the situation was good, and the rooms were clean and airy.

Being thus established in lodgings, my first duty was to find the hotel of the British minister, and to present to him my letter of introduction from Lord Aberdeen; and I gladly avail myself of this opportunity to express my obligations to Henry Unwin Addington, Esq.; not only for his uniform kindness and attention while we remained in Madrid, and for the often

repeated hospitalities of his house ; but for his readiness to assist me in whatever way the representative of the British Government could make his interest available in forwarding my objects. For some lesser favours, I am also Mr. Addington's debtor ; among others, the privilege of perusing the English newspapers, no small privilege in a country where the only journal is the *Gaceta de Madrid*. Walking one day towards my lodgings, with a file of *Couriers* in my hand, I noticed that I was followed, and narrowly scrutinized by some persons in authority ; but they, no doubt, became informed where I procured this forbidden fruit, and I never suffered any farther interruption.

The day after my arrival in Madrid was Sunday, and having finished my puchero, and drank a reasonable quantity of *Val de Peñas*, I prepared to join the tide that was slowly rolling towards the Prado.

Every Spaniard is proud of the Prado at Madrid ; and but for the Prado, the inhabitants of Madrid would look upon life as a thing of very little value ; every body goes every night to the Prado ; every body—man, woman, and child—looks forward to the evening promenade

with pleasure and impatience; every body asks every body the same question, shall you be on the Paseo to night? how did you like the Paseo last night? every night, at the same hour, the dragoons take their place along the Prado, to regulate the order and line of carriages: and the only difference between Sunday night and any other night on the Prado is, that on Sunday it is frequented by those who can afford to dress only once a week, as well as by those who can dress every day. It was impossible that I could permit the first Sunday to pass away without seeing the Prado; accordingly, accompanied by a colonel in the Spanish service, whose name, for certain reasons, I refrain from mentioning, I took the road to the Prado.

The Prado, divested of its living attraction, is certainly not entitled to the extravagant praises bestowed upon it by the Spaniards: it is a fine spacious *paseo*, at least two miles long, and from 200 to 300 yards broad, adorned with rows of trees, and with several fountains; the frequented part, however, is not more than half a mile in length, and has scarcely any shade. But the Prado, although in itself not possessing the natural attractions of that of

Vienna, or perhaps of some others, is an admirable resort for a stranger who is desirous of seeing the population of Madrid. When I reached it, it seemed already crowded, though a dense stream of population was still pouring into it from the *Calle de Alcala*. On the part appropriated to carriages, there was already a double row of vehicles, bespeaking, by their slow motion, the stateliness of character said to belong to the Spanish aristocracy. The turn-out of carriages presented a strange *melange* of elegance and shabbiness; some few were as handsome as can be seen in Hyde Park; some—truly Spanish,—were entirely covered over with gilding and painting; many were like worn-out post chaises; and several like the old family pieces that are yet sometimes to be seen at the church door on Sunday, in some remote parishes in England. I observed the most ludicrous incongruity between the carriages and the servants; many a respectable, and even handsome carriage might be seen with a servant behind, like some street vagabond who, seeing a vacant place, had mounted for the sake of a drive. I actually saw a tolerably neat carriage driven by a coachman *without stockings*; and another

with a rheumatic lacquey behind, whose head was enveloped in flannel. But let me turn to the pedestrians.

The Paseo was crowded from end to end, and from side to side; so crowded, indeed, that by mixing with the tide, it was impossible to see more than one's next neighbour; and that I might better observe the elements of the crowd, I contrived, with some difficulty, to extricate myself from the stream, and get into the carriage drive. Before visiting Spain, I had heard much of the beauty of Spanish women,—their graceful figures,—their bewitching eyes,—their fascinating expression,—in short, their personal attractions. Whether owing to the representations of travellers, or the unreal descriptions of poets, or the romance with which, in the minds of many, every thing in Spain is invested,—it is certain, that a belief in the witchery of Spanish women obtains very general credence in England. With curiosity, therefore, considerably excited, I took up a station to decide upon the claims of the ladies of Spain. In my expectations of beauty I was miserably disappointed; beauty of features I saw none. Neither at that time, nor at any subsequent visit to the Prado,

did I ever see one strikingly lovely countenance ; and the class so well known in England, because so numerous, denominated “ pretty girls,” has no existence in Spain. The women were, without exception, dark,—but the darkness of the clear brunette, is darkness of a very different kind from that of the Castilian. I saw no fine skin, no glossy hair : dark expressive eyes I certainly did see, but they were generally too ill supported to produce much effect. But let me do justice to the grace of the Spanish women. No other woman knows how to walk,—the elegant, light, and yet firm step of the small and well attired foot and ankle,—the graceful bearing of the head and neck,—the elegant disposition of the arms, never to be seen hanging downward, but one hand holding the folds of the mantilla, just below the waist ; the other inclining upward, wielding, with an effect the most miraculous, that mysterious instrument, the fan,—these are the charms of the Spanish women. As for the fan, its powers are no where seen displayed to such advantage as on the Prado. I believe I shall never be able to look at a fan in the hands of any other than a Spanish woman,—certainly no other woman understands the

management of it. In her hands it is never one moment at rest,—she throws it open, fans herself, furls it to the right,—opens it again, again fans herself, and furls it to the left, and all with three fingers of one hand. This is absolutely marvellous to one who has been accustomed to see a fan opened with both hands, and furled only on one side. But that I may at once exhaust the subject of fans, let me add, that in the hands of its true mistress, the fan becomes a substitute for language, and an interpreter of etiquette. If a lady perceives that she is an object of attention to some inquisitive and admiring *caballero*, she has immediate recourse to her fan, that she may convey to him one most important piece of information. If she be married, she fans herself slowly; if still *señorita*, rapidly. The *caballero*, therefore, at once ascertains his chances and his risks. This fact I obtained from a Spanish lady of rank in Madrid, the wife of a gentleman in a high official situation. The motion of the fan too, marks distinctly, and with the utmost nicety, the degree of intimacy that subsists between one lady and another. The shake of the fan is the universal acknowledgment of acquaintance; and

according as the fan is open or shut, the intimacy is great or small. These are trifling things, yet they are worth telling. But let me return to the Prado, where, having decided upon the claims of the Castilian ladies, I had leisure to observe its other novelties. Here I saw little of the sombreness I had remarked on the streets; for many of the ladies wore white mantillas; and in the evening, coloured rather than black gowns are the *mode*. The very great number, too, of officers of the guards, with their high cocked hats, and coats entirely covered with silver lace, gave additional animation to the scene. Other pictures of a different kind the eye occasionally caught,—here and there a portly priest, with his ample gown and great slouched hat, mingling in the throng, and evidently enjoying the scene and its gaiety,—aloof from the crowd, and in the most retired walks, with hurried step and downcast head, a friar, in his grey, brown or white cassock,—now and then a tall Andalusian peasant, with his tapering hat, his velvet and silver embroidered jacket and crimson sash, his unbuttoned gaiters and white stockings,—the Asturian nurse, with her short brown jerkin, petticoat of

blue and yellow, trimmed with gold, and bare head. It is always a mark of a woman's consequence in Madrid to hire an Asturian nurse; they are supposed to be models of health and strength, and certainly if breadth of figure be the criterion of these, the ladies of Madrid make a prudent choice: I never saw such women as the women of the Asturias. In France, where the women are generally *mince*, one of them might be exhibited as a curiosity.

There is one very unpleasant thing connected with a promenade on the Prado, whether in a carriage or on foot; this is the necessity of paying honour to every branch of the royal family, however frequently they may pass along. Every carriage must stop, and those within must take off their hats, or if the carriage be open stand up also; and every person on foot is expected to suspend his walk, face-about, and bow, with his head uncovered. When the king passes, no one perhaps feels this to be a grievance; because, however little respect the king may in reality be entitled to from his subjects, it is felt to be nothing more than an act of common good breeding to take off one's hat to a king; but I have fifty times seen all this homage paid to a

royal carriage with a nurse and an infant—not an *infanta*—in it; and one evening I was absolutely driven from the Prado by the unceasing trouble of being obliged to acknowledge the royal presence every few minutes, the spouse of the Infante Don Francis having found amusement in cantering backward and forward during an hour at least. From the expected homage, no one is exempt: even the foreign ambassadors must draw up, rise, and uncover themselves, if but a sprig of royalty in the remotest degree, and of the tenderest age, happens to drive past. Both the British and the American Minister told me, that for that reason they never went to the Prado.

The promenade continues long after dark; and on fine moonlight nights in the month of September, I have seen it continued without any diminution in the crowd until after ten o'clock; generally, however, when dusk begins to usher in darkness, and when the great object of going to the Prado is accomplished,—seeing and being seen—the crowd thins, and there is soon no remnant of it visible, excepting pairs, or single individuals, here and there, who have their reasons for remaining. In Madrid,—indeed

throughout all Spain, nobody walks for pleasure; at all events no woman: and this fact is I think sufficient to account for the superiority of the Spanish women in the art of walking, without making it necessary for us to suppose any deficiency in elegance of limb or symmetry of form among the women of other countries. An Englishwoman walks for health; she puts on her bonnet, and a pair of strong shoes, and a shawl, and walks into the country; and the nature of the climate creates a necessity for walking fast; there is no one to look at her, and she thinks of nothing so little as her manner of walking: but a Spanish woman never walks for health or exercise; she never goes out but to go to the Paseo, and never without having paid the most scrupulous attention to her toilette. On the Paseo, she studies every step, because the object of going there is to be seen and admired, and the nature of the climate, obliges her to walk slow.

My evening walk in Madrid was more frequently to the *Retiro* than to the Prado; this is a vast and ill-laid out garden and shrubbery, three or four miles in circumference, situated upon an elevation behind the Prado, the en-

trance to which is by the court of the old palace, which was destroyed during the war. The Retiro possesses no particular attraction, excepting its fresh air, and freedom from dust. There are some elevations in this garden, from which an extensive prospect is enjoyed; but it embraces little that is interesting, excepting the city, and the skies—an object of no small interest to one accustomed to the dense atmosphere and cloudy heavens of a northern latitude. During the several months that I remained in Madrid, I scarcely ever saw a cloud; and I frequently walked to the Retiro for the sole purpose of looking at the glorious sky, and the gorgeous sun-set: such skies are glorious, even when they canopy a desert. From the Retiro, the eye ranges over nothing but a desert, bounded on one side by the *Sierra Guadarama*, on the other by the Toledo mountains; and Madrid, standing alone in the midst of this treeless and lifeless plain, seemed, when the setting sun flamed upon its domes and spires, to have been placed there by enchantment.

Returning from the Prado, or the Retiro, I frequently stepped into the *Café de Santa Catalina*, the most brilliant place of the kind in

Madrid, and generally resorted to after the promenade, by many of the most distinguished persons. I greatly prefer this *café* to any in Paris; to any, indeed, that I have seen elsewhere. You pass through a magnificent and brilliantly illuminated room, where those who love the light are assembled, into an open court,—open to the skies above, but surrounded by the backs of lofty buildings: a covered arcade runs round the court, dimly lighted by suspended lamps, to meet the taste of those who desire a certain quantity of light and no more. But this light scarcely reaches the centre of the court, which is illuminated only by the stars; and here, as well as under the arcade, tables and chairs are placed for those who are indifferent about light. All sorts of refreshments suited to a warm climate, are to be found in this *café*; and rows of sweet smelling flowers in pots, add to the luxury of the place. It may easily be believed, that the *Café Catalina* is celebrated on other accounts than for the excellence of the refreshments which it furnishes. In the illuminated room, all is mirth and gaiety: the ladies, escaped from the monotony, and proprieties, and etiquette of the

Prado, give way to their natural liveliness and wit; and accept, with smiling looks of conscious merit, and with quick flutterings of the fan, the proffered courtesies and gallantry of the caballeros who escort them. In the court, the scene is different: within the arcade, quieter parties are seated, enjoying a sort of half-seclusion; while, throughout the centre, are scattered, pairs in conversation; and the light of a lamp, as it occasionally flashes upon their privacy,—revealing a sparkling eye, and the flutter of a fan,—interprets its nature. The use of the *toledo* or the *bravo*, to avenge private wrongs among the upper ranks, is now comparatively unknown in Spain; else I should often have run some risk, by strolling leisurely through the centre of the *Café Catalina*, that I might get some insight into the state of Castilian morals.

There is a great paucity of *café*s in Madrid; excepting the *Café de Santa Catalina*, and another, the name of which I forget, in the neighbourhood of the Prado, there is only the *Fontañña de Oro* in the *Calle de San Geronimo*. But it is not likely that there should be many coffee-houses in a country where there are no news-

papers. Both in France and in England, the majority of persons who frequent coffee-houses, go to read the newspapers; but in Spain, no one enters a coffee-room except to sip iced water. During the forenoon, indeed, the doors of the cafés, excepting the Fontana de Oro, are generally shut, and nobody is within. An Englishman, or a Frenchman, who is accustomed to connect with a coffee-room,—half-a-dozen public journals,—organs of intelligence and public opinion, upon subjects connected with his political rights, and with the state of his country,—is instantly reminded on entering a Spanish coffee-room, of the degraded political condition of the country he is in: and the difference between the enjoyment and the want of political rights, is forcibly thrust upon him. He takes up the *Gaceta de Madrid*, and finds there a royal ordinance, breathing vengeance against those who desire to be restored to their homes and their country; and whose prayers are for its happiness. He turns over the leaf, and he finds another ordinance, declaring that the universities shall be closed, and education suspended, during his Majesty's pleasure; and he then looks for the comment upon these facts: but

he looks in vain. He sees that his Majesty and the royal family enjoy good health; that the king has appointed a bishop to one cathedral; and that the bishop has named a canon to another; and that the procession of *St. Rosalio* will issue from the convent of *St. Thomas*, precisely at four o'clock next day; but he sees not a syllable about the ordinances that deal out injustice, or strangle improvement; and he says within himself, this is the most wonderful country under the sun; for here, intellect wields no power.

Before dismissing the Paseos of Madrid, I must notice the Botanical Garden; not much used as a Paseo, but certainly the most charming of them all. While I remained in Madrid, waiting until the heats had so far subsided as to allow me to journey into Andalusia, I generally walked there during an hour or two after breakfast, having access to it at all times, through the interest of a friend. The garden is very extensive; the trees are full-grown; and there is a charming variety of rare and beautiful plants. The garden, although not by any means neglected, is not in such perfect order, or under such excellent management as it was

during the time of the constitution: it was then under the direction of *Sr. La Gasca*, Professor of Botany, and a Member of the *Cortes*; now a resident in England, where I believe his learning is appreciated as it deserves. There is a curious and very unmeaning regulation, connected with the *entrée* of this garden. Every lady, on entering, must throw aside her mantilla, and walk with the head uncovered; she is not even allowed to drop it upon her neck; it must be carried upon the arm. This regulation is almost an order of exclusion to a Spanish woman, who considers the proper arrangement of the mantilla no trifling or easy matter, and not to be accomplished without the aid of a mirror; it is rarely, therefore, that a Spanish woman subjects herself to a regulation by which she runs the risk of afterwards appearing on the Paseo with her mantilla awry.

The only occasion upon which a Spaniard absents himself from the Paseo, is when he goes to the theatre. The inhabitants of Madrid are a theatre-going population; but their propensities that way are sadly cramped for want of room; if, however, the theatre now erecting